More doctors and nurses in white coats appear at the back of the hall and parade onto the stage, carrying sheets, saws, hammers, butcher knives, a large box labelled "SPARE PARTS." They are led by the Young Doctor, wearing a blood-splattered gown. They mime as Divine Madness speaks.

You had just pronounced the fatal word, "MORTA," when I felt the white sheet drawn over my face.

One of the Doctors places a white sheet over the face of Mental Health.

Then ... with but little politeness they denuded me; they lifted me up, and then let me drop into a box, but not without paying a compliment to my body, which, as a handsome female, I accepted with gratification, though I was obliged to appear dead.

They lift mental health and roughly drop her on a table to Dr. Workman's right. Wolf whistles all around.

I passed into the hands of a man who was still more rude than [the others]; this fellow was the grave-digger; with the assistance of another he lifted me out of the box, raised me high up, and let me plump down on a hard cold stone table, that would have made any creature shiver.